Yazoo Sentinel.

YAZOO CITY. - MISSISSIPPI.

TO PREVENT FIRE.

A Little Sound Advice that it Would be Well to Follow.

1. Always buy the best of oil.
2. Never make a sudden motion with a lamp, either in lifting it or setting it down.
3. Never put a lamp on the edge of a table or mantle.
4. Never fill a lamp after dark, even if you should have to go without a light.
5. See that the lamp wicks are always clean and that they work freely in the tube.
6. Never blow a lamp out from the top.
7. Never take a lamp to a closet where there are clothes. If necessary to go to the closet place the light at a distance.
8. Use candles when possible in going about the house and in the bedrooms. They are cheaper and can't explode, and for many purposes are just as good as lamps.
9. Matches should always be kept in stone or earthen jars or in tin.
10. They should never be left where rats or mice can get hold of them. There is nothing more to the taste of a rat than phosphorus. They will eat it if they can get at it. A bunch of matches is almost certain to be set fire to if a rat gets at it.
11. Have perfectly good safes to every place where matches are to be used, and never let a match be left on the floor.
12. Never let a match go out of your hand after lighting it until you are sure the fire is out, and then it is better to put it in a stove or earthen dish.
13. It is far better to use the safety matches, which can only be lighted upon the box which contains them.
14. Have your furnaces examined carefully in the fall and at least once during the winter by a competent person. All the pipes and flues should be carefully looked to.
15. If there are any closets in the house near chimneys or flues—which there ought not to be—put nothing of a combustible nature into them. Such closets will soil silver and crack crockery and burn bedding. They form a bad part of any house that contains them.
16. Never leave any wood near a furnace, range or stove to dry.
17. Have your stove looked to frequently to see that there are no holes for coal to drop out.
18. Never put any hot ashes or coals in a wooden receptacle.
19. Be sure there are no curtains or shades that can be blown into a gas light.
20. Never examine a gas meter after dark.

The Emperor Maximilian's Widow.

The recent death of Col. Vandevelde is a great misfortune for the poor distraught Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, who has been under his care for many years at the Chateau de Bouchout. The Empress was greatly attached to Col. Vandevelde, and his death has not been announced to her. She has been told that he has taken a long journey on business for her brother, the King of the Belgians. She passes much of her time at the piano and at her easel; but since she began to notice the Colonel's absence the Empress has neither played a note nor touched her pencils. One of the characteristics of her malady, however, is lack of memory, and it is therefore hoped that in a short time she will have forgotten her guardian, even as she seems to have forgotten the whole of her past existence.

She never speaks of Maximilian or of Mexico, nor even of her father, Leopold I., whose favorite child she was. Of late years she has become absolutely indifferent to dress, although in the earlier years of her insanity she was constantly occupied with her toilet, and even while she was living at the Chateau de Tervueren showed a marked tendency toward coquetry. Sometimes she would arrange her smartest dresses upon the chairs, seemingly imagining that she was still in the centre of a court, and would address the gowns alternately in three or four different languages.

When, a little while ago, Maximilian's valet—who was with him to the last—himself became insane and was taken to Miramar, she fretted about the poor fellow for a few days and then completely forgot him. The afflicted lady receives the kindest treatment from all about her, and is frequently visited by the King and Queen of the Belgians and the Comte de Flandre.

Fifty Years Ago.

The statement has often been made that about fifty years ago John Jacob Astor was the only citizen of the United States worth $1,000,000. This may have been true of the residents of New York, but not of those of other American cities. Stephen Girard, for example, when he died in Philadelphia at the close of 1831, left an estate valued at $9,000,000. What is known there as the Girard property is now estimated to be worth more than $100,000,000. Girard, after he got his financial start in life, always counted himself lucky. An instance thereof was that when two of his vessels were near the end of the last century, in one of the ports of Santo Domingo, the negro insurrection against the French occurred. A number of planters on the island, who put their treasures on board for safety, were massacred with their families, and nearly $100,000, to which there were no heirs, remained in Girard's hands. That was at the time the bulk of his fortune.

During fifty-one years of this century the Bayards have at intervals held the Senatorship of Delaware in the United States Senate.

At the mouth of a Cornish mine there is this advice: "Do not fall down this shaft, as there are men at work at the bottom of it."

The Supreme Court in Tennessee has decided that a trainer has a lien upon a horse for services, time, and expense in preparing for races.

QUARREL AND NO RECONCILIATION.

Calm was the night in that still autumn weather,
And calmer still and colder were the twain
Who, parting then, might yet have kept together,
If pride had not been stronger even than pain.

There were no bitter tears, no sighs of sorrow,
No sad reproaches uttered at the end;
And, should they meet, years hence or on the morrow,
'Twill be with courteous ease, as friend meets friend.

Oh! mocking words for those who once loved madly,
Henceforth to be mere friends, not less, not more;
Deep in each heart a death knell sounding sadly,
For love, deemed deathless, in glad days of yore.

Not more than friends; the voices must not falter,
Lest broken tones betray a vain regret;
And on the lips the forced smile must not alter
To show how, 'neath that mask, grief's lines are set.

Let them take heed, lest any word be spoken
To rouse some ghost from out the buried past;
Though the dear ties that bound them once are broken,
A strange spell lingers yet and holds them fast.

Not less than friends; but, ah! the friendship offered
Seems of such little worth, now love is done;
'Tis hard to take the hand thus coldly proffered
And feel the tender, thrilling touch is gone.

Gone with the day, when just one word was needed
Those heavy clouds of pride and doubt to lift;
But all in vain love's dying voice had pleaded;
Now far apart each lonely life must drift.

And she will never know, at their next meeting,
How hard he fought an outward calm to gain;
Nor will he see, beneath the friendly greeting,
How her true heart still yearns to him through pain.

—*Belgravia.*

Those Bells!

BY WILLIS H. COOKE.

Oh, those bells! those bells! Their sound steals through the droway summer air, a soft, monotonous music, which, to many a heart, no doubt, would speak peace and repose.

To mine they bring a dreary sense of desolation, a dull, aching pain that none can realize but those who but for one brief, bright period of life have lived in the sunshine of perfect happiness, profound contentment and peace, then to look out upon a world in which the very sunbeams seem sorrow laden—a world from which all joy appears to have fled, and from which a thousand bright anticipations and joyous hopes have gone out forever—aye, forever!

It is early autumn now, and the valley upon which I look out as I sit by the open window is clad in the richest luxuriance. Meadows are all aglow with flowers, and woods are gently rustling their ruddy foliage at the foot of hills which lift their calm and smiling peaks to the glowing sun. Aye, there it is just as it all was when I looked out upon it with a rapture, which sometimes induced strange, blissful tears. There it is now, all exquisite beauty, I know; but for me, at least, there is no gladness in that scene.

I close my weary eyes, and, as with the touch of a magician's wand, those sweet leaves and dainty flowers have vanished; the mellow light of the sun has gone suddenly out and left only the cold glimmer of the stars to look down upon a scene of wintry desolation. Snow covers the meadows and glimmers through the darkness from the hedgerows beneath the woods which sway sadly to and fro, and moan in the keen wintry wind. Through the gloom and desolation, I am wandering like one in a dreadful dream. I have had a sudden blow—a blow dealt, it is true, in all gentleness and compassion, but which, nevertheless, when it fell well nigh bereft me of reason.

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Down by yonder hillside there, just where the stream steals out from the woods and goes flashing and rolling out into the ruby light of the setting sun, I wandered on just such an evening as this. There is a path down there which winds hither and thither among the overhanging trees, heath-covered crags and fuming little cascades which splash up and down among ferns and foxgloves on their way to the broad streams below them. There I wandered, and with my light hat slung on my arm, I culled flowers, and sang in sheer lightness of heart, as I thought of one whose kindly smile had, as he bade me good night, looked at me with an earnest, ineffable tenderness that made me tremble. And while I wandered, and sang, and gathererd my flowers, there came behind me a footfall, and a quiet, manly voice, and I turned, to have the same gaze again bent on me.

The sun went down in a bed of rosy clouds; the dews of evening stole lightly over the placid surface of the river, and the last mellow notes of the blackbird were ringing through the valley, when a strong arm stole round me, and a dull, but soft and tremulous voice told me of heartfelt love and undying devotion. I can hear it now. I can feel the quick beating of his heart as he pressed me to his side and kissed my brow, and night after night how I dreamed we were again coming from the little church nestling among the trees there; that friendly faces smiled upon us, that children strewed flowers in our path, and that the old organ pealed out upon the sunshine the joyous strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march. And yet it is a saddening dream; for while we halt for a moment in the porch, the flowers wither and die on the ground before us, the sunshine becomes chilly, the triumphant measure of the music falls through a series of wailful transitions, into an appaling funeral dirge, and I peep into the organ pen, and, lo! the organist is a skeleton!

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We traveled into foreign lands during our honeymoon, and saw many of earth's fairest spots, and rambled amid the most enchanting scenery of Europe, but none had for me so great a charm as this valley, with its meadow lands and woods, its shady walks and ringing water-falls which had become almost a part of our home during the spring and summer months of our courtship; and it was with a happiness I know not how to express, that I came and took up my abode in the charming little residence, which, from my earliest childhood, had always been my *beau ideal* of a pleasant dwelling.

Not very large is Rockland Cottage, and it makes no pretensions whatever to architectural beauty; but it is universally held to be a charming residence for all that. Its overhanging eaves shelter clustering masses of roses and honeysuckles, clematis and the purple wisteria, just now interspersed with the crimson foliage of the Virginia creeper—all trailing in willful luxuriance over the porch, and peeping in at the pleasant, old-fashioned windows, while the moss-grown stone and dull-red chimney stacks nestle under the solemn shade of venerable elms. At the back, stretching away to a rising, wooded ground, is an extensive garden, with its soft, level lawn, thickets of evergreens, tastefully-planned flower beds—once all aglow with flowers—now, alas! all a wilderness, abandoned to weeds and desolation. I seldom venture into the garden now; and when I do, I steal into one of the secluded little summer-houses and weep in lonely misery where once I was wont to sit in the enjoyment of happiness such as I fear rarely brightens a human existence—a happiness such as rarely deepens my despondency. And yet how passionately I cling to the recollection of it! Not for all this world would I, if I could, blot that time from my memory or lose that dear image from my heart.

Summer faded softly into autumn, and not a single ripple disturbed the calm enjoyment of our lives. My husband, a hard toiler with his pen, usually confined himself to his study during the working hours of the day, and only as a special pleasure for both of us, and on rare occasions, came for an hour out into some shady nook in the garden to read aloud while I sat busy with my needle.

But, oh, those evenings! When work was done for the day, the table in that little sanctum of his cleaned up and set in readiness for the morrow, and we went forth into the woods—he with his sketch book or his fishing rod and I with a satchel bag that served for the trophies of my never-failing botanical discoveries. Who that has never enjoyed a pleasure like that, and especially after earning it by a previous day's work of some kind, can possibly know what it is to wander thus, hand in hand, with one we love, without a care in the present, without a sorrow in remembrance or an apprehension for the future?

Now, alas! it is all gone! All gone! never to be known again.

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It was one day, when the autumn trees hung still and lazy over the sleeping river, ruddy chestnuts lay gleaming among the yellow leaves and straggling grass under the half-stripped boughs and the swallows were whirling and clustering around the chimney stacks up under the elms, that we parted.

It was only for a few weeks—a short sea voyage, a little important business rapidly got through and then a joyous return, to await together the advent of a little stranger, that was, if possible, to bind us closer in our lives and to add a new pleasure and interest to our daily existence.

Oh, the loneliness and tediousness of those few weeks, and the bitter disappointment when the vessel that should have brought him back, brought instead a letter, full of the tenderest affection, but telling me that the business he had gone out upon had been somewhat more complicated than he had anticipated and that his return was unavoidably postponed for a short time.

Sad and tearful, I turned homeward and counted the many days that must yet elapse before my life should again become the thing it had been. And while I waited and waited autumn gave place to winter, and I lay at nights and trembled and prayed as the wild, bleak winds roared in the elms and shook the four corners of the house and as I thought of the raging seas that lay between us.

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The weeks sped on—slowly and wearily enough—but still they sped away, and at length the long-looked-for day arrived.

From the little seaport that lies just over the hills came a messenger that the vessel had been signalled and would come into the harbor on the late tide that would be after dark, and my husband I knew would not expect me to meet him on the pier, but await his arrival at home. I resolved to welcome him with a surprise and to be there when he sat foot on shore; and, with a heart brimming over with thankfulness and joy, I set out.

It was a cold day, and as I made my way along the hard, frozen road, the sky was lowering, and the country round looked bleak and desolate. But what cared I for hovering skies, or bleak winds now? The vessel was safe; lay only two or three miles over the hills there, and my husband was aboard, and in a few short hours now we should tread that path together.

Blithe and light-hearted, I made my way over the crisp frozen snow, and an hour before daylight faded I stood on the pier, and, with a glowing cheek and a beating heart, I gazed on the long expected vessel.

Impatiently I watched the rising tide An hour—two hours—of feverish happy excitement, and then came the supreme moment. How little remains that I distinctly recollect, and yet how much! A boat—the captain's gig—came skimming through the darkness, and then came ashore two or three passengers, strangers to me, and then, not my husband, but only the captain, whom I knew well, and whose face turned deathly pale as he saw me.

He took my hand, but he spoke never a word, and I stood before him, mysteriously, awfully conscious of what he had to tell me, but petrified, staring vacantly before me, incapable of moving a limb or uttering a sound.

I know that I was drawn gently toward a warm fireside, and I heard dreamily, and afar off as it were, something of an accident—a man overboard—my husband one of the party to the rescue—all being lost. I heard his praises whispered; I have a dim recollection of weeping around me, and of throbbing hands in mine, and compassionate faces bending over me, and then I was wandering homeward again.

Oh, that awful night! To wander in wintry darkness and desolation through lonely hill-sides and dreary woods, while the wind howls through the gloom, sweeps in raw, angry gusts over bleak expanses of snow, and in the black feathery tree-tops, towering like giant bearse-plumes into the drifting sky, sings the requiem of all we love on earth!

And as, through that pitiless night heedlessly and wildly—not because I wished to go thither again, but because I had no greater reason for going anywhere else—I made my way back home, those bells, just as they are ringing now, kept up a joyous peal, to me like some malignant spirit of the stormy night, mocking my misery.

And they mock me still. They mock me every week, and they will ever do so. They shook out their monotonous tale the night before he went away, and they pealed out the blast when the tidings came of his death; and, all unaltered, they ring on still, though my heart is slowly breaking, and though I never hear them but I steal away and weep.

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It will not be for long. He is gone. His child is gone, too. Born on the day succeeding that terrible night, it was born but to die; and I care not how soon I may be removed from a world in which all my life's happiness seems to have culminated in one rapturous year, and then gone out forever under that dark relentless tide.

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Nearly three years has elapsed since I wrote the preceding, and I am sitting now beneath a canopy of lilac and laburnum.

The lawn before me is again smooth as velvet, and the streams of sunlight that pour down through the bright, young verdure of the gnarled and knotted old elms, gleam once more on flowerbeds, gay as the brightest of early summer flowers can make them.

I had thought, and I often said, that nothing in this world could ever again awaken my interest, or very seriously affect the profound melancholy of my life. Events proved that I was wrong.

I sat one evening by the open window, at which, in fine weather, I was wont to sit by the hour together, gazing along the valley and living again in the past, when an aged clergyman drew up to the gate—a gray-haired, handsome old gentleman, with a face which, as I have since learned, is at all times cheery and pleasant, but which, as he came toward me, was lighted up with a radiance positively beautiful.

It was with a strange flutter at my heart I went into the room, into which a servant had showed him, and it was with a dizzy, half-stupefied brain that I listened to what he had to say. What "great joy" could there be for me, save the restoration of him whom the sea had swallowed up? And yet he had come to break to me "tidings of great joy."

Sudden tidings of joy, he said, were sometimes as disastrous as a tale of overwhelming calamity; and as I was in delicate health, he had come to beg me to prepare for an unexpected pleasure. Gently and kindly he talked on; but the silvery tones of the good old man grew fainter and dreamier, and before I had more than vaguely apprehended the strange story he had come to tell, I swooned. When I recovered he was still by my side, assisting and directing my maid in her efforts to restore me. And then I wept and begged him to tell me again, and to be explicit, assuring him that I would be calm and strong now, whatever he might say. And, accordingly, he told me—told me my husband lived; that the boat in which, with three sailors, he had put off to save a drowning man, had drifted away, and they had got lost in a fog; that they had gone thus for two days and three days in the open sea; and that they had finally been picked up by a vessel bound on a three months' ontward voyage, and he had found no mannner of communicating with me.

And while I listened with a still bewildered brain the door opened and in an instant I was clasped in the arms of my long-lost husband.

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Seasons have changed several times since then, and every week those old bells clang out through the valley as though they had known of the misery they had so cruelly mocked and would now ring the more heartily in participation of my happiness.

One wild night, when on a keen and blustering wind, heavy clouds were drifting across a landscape sheeted in frozen snow, I heard their sound come swelling and dying through the gloom, and an irresistible impulse seized me. I clad myself warmly and, to the astonishment of my husband, begged for a walk along the narrow roadway leading up through the woods. We went together, and from the midst of my happiness restored, I presently stood and looked around at the dark avenue of the woods, listened to the weird music in the treetops and in the hoarse clangor from the steeple in the distance. I stood and listened and wept.

Not until we got home did my husband seek for any explanation of my whim, and then I put into his hands the sheets, stained with my tears, on which I had told the early part of my story. I left him alone to read it, and when I returned to the room I found the manuscript pushed from him and he with his face hidden in his hands and his head bowed upon the table, whether weeping or not I never knew. Men do not like to be seen to weep and I betrayed no curiosity. It was sufficient for me that he had folded me fondly in his arms and kissed me passionately.

And, now, as I finish my story he comes across the lawn from the house looking, I think, younger than when he set out on that fearful journey; but, for all that, young man that he is, his dark hair is slightly streaked with silver. He says it is the result of nervous spasms he always experiences on going into his sanctum for the first time after my weekly dusting and cleaning up there, and the mental anguish he suffers in his efforts to re-arrange his papers and books. I tell him, however, that it is far more likely to be the effect of the alarm he felt lest I should have found another husband before he got back again. For all his silver streaks, however, he looks the very picture of happiness.

He is standing just now by a cluster of rhododendrons endeavoring to impress upon a certain chubby little sinner of my acquaintance that, although he may if he likes consider himself heir to the little estate here, he must not presume upon his prospects by appropriating to his own personal use and enjoyment the heads of all the flowers in the garden; and as I know I shall be called upon to indorse what is now being said upon the subject I may as well wind up my story of "Those Bells."

Spring Wraps for Ladies.

Dressy mantles for the spring are small in shape, and are more often colored than black. For the last cool days they are made of frise velvet, Sicilienne, or of figured camel's-hair; while for summer wear they are of beaded grenadine, velvet-figured grenadine, or of lace. They are now lined with glace silk instead of surah, and this is in changeable colors, checks, or fine stripes. The trimmings are beaded passementeries and gathered frills of lace, which may be the French imitation thread lace, or else the newer wool lace which is called indiscriminately yak or Angora; chenille fringes are again used, with drops of jet amid their headings, or else with tinsel combined in the chenille strands; galloons, with beads and with tinsel, trim the colored mantles. In shape these garments are quite short behind, reaching only a slight distance below the waist line, and fashioned by three seams, giving two forms for the middle of the back that fit almost as closely as those of a dress. The sides are shoulder pieces all in one, and may form a small sleeve, or else they merely lap forward on the arm. The fronts may be long, or only extended half-way to the knees. A ribbon attached to the back seam inside ties around the waist, and there are other bands of elastic ribbon to hold the sides in place, or to adjust the fullness of the tournure. These garments are usually very high in the neck, and are trimmed there with a full frill of lace. All laces are now gathered instead of being pleated, and a single row three inches wide, set just under the edge of the garment, is considered sufficient trimming for plain mantles; this frill extends up each side of the front, and passes around the neck; if there must be more elaborate trimming, the edge of the garment is cut in points, and finished with jetted pendants that fall on the lace, or else there is a jetted net-work, or passementerie of jet plaques, stars, leaves, or flowers, with drooping fringe set on above the gathered edge of the lace; there may also be two frills of lace, one narrower than the other, and both sewed under the jet trimming. Wide satin ribbon bows or sash loops and ends are added to the tournure of some mantles. The cape basques formerly worn are shown again, with the basque plain over the back and sides, while the arms pass out beneath the round cape. —*Harper's Bazar.*

The Curse of Scotland.

The following is the story of the nine of diamonds being called "The Curse of Scotland: "A few evenings before the battle of Culloden, there were gathered in the apartments of the Pretender, at Inverness, a few of his friends for the purpose of playing cards. In the course of the evening the nine of diamonds belonging to the pack with which they were playing was lost. On the night after the battle, which resulted so disastrously for the Pretender's forces, the Duke of Cumberland entered Inverness, and, as was his inevitable custom, took up his quarters in the apartments which, had been recently occupied by Charles Edward. On the following morning a scout brought word that a small force of the defeated army had taken refuge in a deep gorge among the mountains. The duke at once directed an officer to take a number of men, surround the party, and to put every man to death who was found in arms. The officer, reluctant to carry out the infamous order, declined to take the command without he received a written order. The duke looked around the room to find a piece of paper to write the order on; some one picked up the lost card, and presented it to the duke, who wrote the order on it, and handed it to the officer. The soldiers departed on their errand of butchery, and so well did they execute the duke's command, that not one of the devoted Highlanders escaped death. Hence it is that the nine of diamonds is called "The Curse of Scotland."

Something to Think Of.

The New York *Freeman*, the organ of the colored people, says: The colored people of New York squander annually more than $50,000 in balls, picnics and excursions. This money is absolutely thrown away, since even the pleasure it is supposed to purchase is oftener the poison of death than the elixir of life. We should grow more thoughtful in these matters. The poverty of the race is a standing protest and reproach that such extravagance should obtain. As long as we spend money as we now do, together with the other drawbacks we have to contend against, we cannot hope for much amelioration of our hard condition.

Edmund Yates is lying in jail, but the circulation of his paper is increasing by the thousand. "Hold on, dad," said the boy, when the bull terrier seized the old man by the broadest portion of his anatomy, "hold on. Grin and bear it. It may hurt a little, but it will be the making of the pup."

ODDS AND ENDS.

England built her first steamer in 1815.

The rooms in Danish hotels have no locks.

A Cincinnati girl drowned herself rather than marry.

Mr. James Russell Lowell was born February 22, 1819.

The water supply of London is about 145,000,000 gallons daily.

A Philadelphia paper calls John L Sullivan "that eminent brute."

Cigars were never known until 1815. Before that time pipes were used only.

There are probably 90,000 are lights alight every night in the United States.

The best toboggans are made of birch, and velvet cushioned, cost from $30 to $50.

A gentleman of Rockingham, N. C., has a pair of elks that he drives to a buggy.

A Charlton county, Mo., farmer pays $1.29 in taxes on his horses and $12 on his dogs.

The severity of the winter has caused a great loss of cattle in Western Kansas and beyond.

A New Hampshire woman hasn't broken a lamp or a lamp chimney in thirty years.

The avalanche in Utah, which overwhelmed the village of Alta, killed thirty persons.

Henry George, reformer, thinks of standing for Parliament for Caithnessshire, Scotland.

Soudan means literally the Land of the Blacks in the Arabian tongue—"Beled-es-Soudan."

Physicians say that about fourteen per cent. of all school children suffer from headaches.

The most extensive linseed oil mill in this country is said to be located at Amsterdam, N. Y.

The Board of Health in Nashville, Tenn., have determined to cut down all the mulberry trees.

Mrs. Aphia Fisher, of Salem, New Hampshire, reads without glasses in her ninety-seventh year.

It is a remarkable fact that not a single Chinese beggar has ever been seen in the United States.

This year Lent contains forty-seven days. It takes more time to repent as the world grows older.

The University Press at Oxford has appliances for printing works in 150 languages and dialects.

Sarah Bernhardt gets $300 a day for acting. Of this her creditors take $180, leaving her $120.

A water tank in a passenger car at Altoona, Pa., was found to contain a trout eight inches long.

The first steam vessel to make a voyage up the Thames was brought to Glasgow by Mr. Dodd in 1815.

No man can smoke as strong cigars or as black pipes as a woman can when she has once acquired the habit.

The late Mrs. James Russell Lowell was a relative of the distinguished Senator, William Pitt Fessenden.

The greater part of the wealth of ex-Governor Coburn, of Maine, goes to the cause of education in the South.

The White House has been so often painted that the white lead upon it is nearly a quarter of an inch thick.

The English sparrows have entirely disappeared from Concord, Mass., where they had existed in great numbers.

No San Francisco resident ever thinks of using the word "Frisco." Only strangers use that abbreviation.

Tobacco was first smoked, then snuffed, and lastly chewed. Pipes came first, then cigars, and finally cigarettes.

A Clearfield county (Pa.) man boards at a hotel in order that his wife can have time to attend a skating rink.

During the Exposition in New Orleans forty gambling houses, where banking games are run, keep open night and day.

Texas is paying $90,000 a year to 600 survivors of the war of 1835-37. New applications are coming in all the time.

About forty-five per cent. of the members of the present Congress of the United States have been college educated.

Since Mr Robert Lincoln entered the Cabinet there has been no time when there has not been serious illness in his family.

The latest service of a burglar alarm in Chicago was to call its possessor into the hallway, where he was shot by the burglar.

A peculiarity of most of the Paris papers is that they rent out the financial column by the year to anybody who wants it.

It has been estimated that the cost of each saloon to the city of Indianapolis last year was $153. The license was only $52.

The German's Pig.

"How vas dose dings?" ejaculated a German friend named Switzer, the other morning, as he came into the office with a puzzled look upon his honest face.

"Some times ago," he said, "I bought myselluff a pig, and he was the funniest pig I ever did see before. He was only a little feller as high as dat, and he vas only steen months olt. I dook dat pig a pail of swill the other day, and py shiminy christians if that little feller didn't drink up the whole pail of swill before you say Shack Robinson. Den he got right up on his hinder legs and he yelled like fun for more. Just dink of dat, mine friend. Dot pig eats up dot whole pail of swill. Den I took dat little pig and put him in that same pail where der swill vas from, and with dat pig inside dat pail der pail was only half filled. Dat's vat got der best of me. Dat vas one of the mysteries of physics vat I can no how understand."

Then he scratched his head in deep meditation and looked inquiringly. I could give him no satisfaction and he departed no wiser than when he came.—*Atlanta Constitutionalist.*

Patent medicines are estimated by a leading English journal of medical matters to cause the death of a hundred and fifty thousand persons every year.